

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus

Volume VIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 16, 1875.

Number 17.

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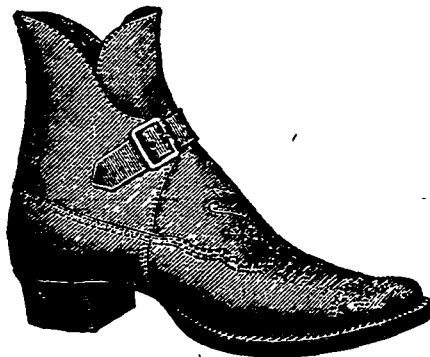
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Volume VIII.

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Richard Crashaw.

That epoch extending through the reigns of Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I, as regards literature, is the greatest in the History of England. It will indeed be found equal in magnificence to any other epoch in history, to those of Pericles, Augustus, or Leo X. It was the age of Spenser, of Shakespeare, of Ben Jonson, and the other masters of verse, who wrote with a freedom and boldness startling to us who live in an age less fertile in poetic genius. It was an age when a minor class of men lived, men of less bolder genius than Shakespeare and Jonson, but who were inspired by the true genius of poesy. It was the age of the lyrical Herrick, the quaint Quarles, the pious Herbert, the enthusiastic Wither, the martyred Southwell, and the religious and mystical Crashaw. It is of this last of whom I would speak in the present short essay.

Richard Crashaw, of whom Cowley, the Anglican poet, wrote:

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven.
* * * * *

Pardon, my Mother Church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For even in error sure no danger is,
When joined with so much piety as his;
* * * * *

And I, myself, a Catholic will be
So far, at least, great saint, to pray to thee."

first saw light about the year 1617. He was the son of an Anglican clergyman who officiated at the Temple Church in the city of London. We can learn but little of his early life, though we know that in 1633 he took his bachelor's degree, and that in 1637 he became a fellow of Peterhouse College, Cambridge.

From early youth he was of a religious disposition, and having become a fellow of the College, he occupied the great portion of his time in religious offices and in writing devotional poetry. In the preface to his works, we are told that during this time he lived "like a primitive saint, offering more prayers by night than others usually offer by day." At the same time he enjoyed the reputation of being an eloquent and effective preacher. He did not however enjoy his fellowship for a great length of time, because, refusing to comply with the rules of the Parliamentary army, he was ejected therefrom by the parliamentary leaders. Having lost his fellowship, he removed to Paris, where he abandoned the errors of the Church of England and entered the fold of the Catholic Church. It was in Paris that he met his friend Cowley, through whose endeavors he obtained the notice of Henrietta-Maria. She, in turn, recommended him to persons of influence in Rome,

whither he wended his way. On his removal there, he became Secretary to Cardinal Palotta, which position he filled for some time, and then removed to Loreto where he received the appointment of canon. It was while holding this position that he died at Loreto, in the year 1650.

Crashaw was an accomplished scholar, and translated much from the Latin and the Italian. Many passages of his translation of the *Sospetto d'Herodo* of Marino are worthy of Milton. Indeed it has been asserted that the author of the great English Epic made much use of this translation in his writings.

While still a fellow at Cambridge, Crashaw published his *Poemata Latina* and *Epigrammata Sacra*, in which are a number of latin poems of great beauty and elegance. In one of these poems occurs the famous verse concerning the miracle which occurred at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee: *Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit*; translated by Dryden, "The conscious water saw its God, and blushed."

In 1646 he published his English works, "Steps to the Temple," "The Delights of the Muses" and *Carmen Deo Nostro*. The temperament of Crashaw was naturally enthusiastic and religious; after his entrance into the Church he became acquainted with the writings of the great Saint Theresa, to whom he had an especial devotion. These writings had great effect upon a mind naturally religious, consequently there are few of his English poems which are not of a religious nature. In these poems there frequently occur fervent and loving addresses to our Divine Saviour, the Blessed Virgin, Mary Magdalene, and other saints. He often, as it were, takes flight to the third heaven, and there, "with all his garlands and singing robes around him," he delights in

"An hundred thousand loves and graces,
And many a mystic thing
Which the Divine embraces
Of the dear Spouse of spirits with them will bring,
For which it is no shame
That dull mortality must not know a name."

We never find aught dull or tedious in the poems of Crashaw. He fell, it is true, into the exaggerations and conceits which marked all the poetry of his times, but these faults should be attributed to the taste of the age and not to the poet. His imagination, ever copious and varied, as Coleridge remarks, had a power and opulence of invention, while his versification was melodious to a high degree. Had he lived that riper years might have refined his taste and judgment, he would have surpassed all the minor poets of his age, not even excepting his friend Cowley.

In addition to his merits as a poet—and these Pope acknowledges, for from them most of the fire in his "Eloisa and Abelard" is drawn,—Crashaw was an accomplished

musician and painter. But, what is better, he was, as we have said before, a truly religious man. E.

The Court of the Monkeys.

BY J. M. J. G.

V.—[CONTINUED.]

Hereupon Darr Wynn turned his tail to the sun,
And gazed with a drowsy look at the green grass ;

"Now, tell me," said he,

"Bold Muggs, what you see—

What shadow, I mean,"—"Why the shade of an ass."

"You lie, you poor unphilosophical dolt,
It's a shadow to you, but to me it's the sun ;
And you're very impertinent, sir, not to bolt
The beautiful system my brains have spun."

"But, how can your system be true,
When there is the sun in plain view ?
Just open your eyes and let in the light,
And you'll see the sun's self, sir, shining bright."

"You coxcomb ! you elf ! you obsolete hound,
Didn't you hear of the great revolution ?—
The universe, sir, and ideas are bound
To the tail of one thought—Evolution !

"Sir ! look at those monkies—"—"Monkies, you dog ?"
Here the chief interrupted with rage,—*"You must know,*
We're the highest expression of nature agog
And older than donkies or men, sir: Ergo!—

"Ergo, you are better and wiser, no doubt,
Let it pass, for the subject is not in dispute,
And allow me to hint, sir, no one but a lout
Would call a philosopher, dog or a brute,
Except he belonged to the cynical school,
For, kunos or dog means the same thing—a fool—"

"But you called me a beast and a dolt and a hound !"

Bawled Muggs—"So I did ; but, friend, recollect
Your tarty retort tumbles testily down
From a very important defect,—Reflect,—
I said 'a philosopher' ; you are an ass"—

"But, sir," cried B. Muggs, "some clever minds say
In books of most serious gravity, gossip or
Plain common sense, that, in our learned day,—
'Ass' is the synonym, sir, for 'philosopher' !—

"Common sense !" hissed Darr Wynn, with deep disgust ;
Shall modern science seek solution,—
Through rusty, musty, common sense,—
Of priceless, peerless Evolution ?"—

And here, the pugs

Cried :—"Ha ! B. Muggs,

See how Darr Wynn breaks your jugs !"

"But what do you mean by Evolution ?"

Asked Muggs. Here Darr Wynn roared :

"O ignorance !—had I a loose shin

This instant, Muggs, you had been floored !

Evolution, sir, as science teaches,

Is—*lifting yourself by your own breeches.*"

VI.

Belisarius Muggs reflected awhile,—

Darr Wynn's companions were roaring a pœan,—

"I think," he said, with a meaning smile,
Your Evolution is a Gnostic Eon !"

"It's not : it's Potentiality, sir !

I scorn your foolish diagnostic,

Where are your brains, you biped cur,

To map a truth with your prognostic ?

The Alphabet hath potence, sir,

T' evolve the song of Rome or

Greece—"—"Yes," quoth Muggs,—*"no offence, sir,*

Supposing Virgil, here and Homer !"

"Will you *never* be aught but a stolid clown !

Just look at this watch—do—look at this watch !

Suppose, sir, a savage should come to town,

From Timbuctoo or from Blunderbore Notch

And he find the trinket,—

What does he think it ?—

Do you say he would strive to eat or drink it ?"

"He might," quoth Muggs, "for babes, in truth,
Put every article into their mouth—"

"No jokes, but keep to the argument, sir,
He'd evolve an idea ; yes, sir, I've said it,—

An idea evolved from the thing itself—

An idea—"—"In short, that some one made it !"

"Muggs, you are rude ; an interruption
I can't abide,—so mind yourself !—

By the subtle process of evolution

His idea would be—*It made itself!*

The mental process is just the same,
In the barbarous hind or the wight of fame,
Intuitive power without a term

Would instant conceive the primal germ—

Would grasp the protoplasmic chain—

Find out the mystic protogene,

And presently catch,

The wonderful batch

Of principles latent in that small watch !

Did you ever hear of a system so fine ?—

Now, Muggs, could any dog degrade it !

Come, cudgel that little brain of thine

And tell me—"—"Why, sir, some one made it !"

"Most inconsistent

Base, persistent,

Addle-pated, foolish man,

Truth, at the best,

Is but a test

Of Folly since the world began!"

"Ah, now, I believe you," quoth Muggs, "and, conceive
me,—

In spite of your learning and logical racket,—

Your resonant systems are fitted,—believe me,—

To put honest Truth, sir, into a straight-jacket."

"Pooh, sir, your insanity

Is tinged with profanity.

In fretting mine ears with such wretched inanity ;

And, in this connection,

Let me say, the perfection

Of our system, lies wholly in 'natural selection' !"—

"That is," cries B. Muggs, "laying all jokes aside,

A species of primal eclectics.—'Tis fraught

With many important objections, beside

A choice of best things requires judgment and thought

Your argument's this,—divested of pathos,—

Supposing no sun, what becomes of potatoes ?—

Grant me this thing or that, and then we can fathom

The potence of life in a wee senseless atom,

Believe me, my friend, that system is bad,

Which is the weak offspring of reason run mad

It's poisonous nonsense, stupidity, guilt,

Your natural selection,"—a house that Jack built.

"This is the rat that ate the corn: this is the cat

That ate the rat: this is the dog that worried the cat,"

You strain at the gnat of Authority's trammel

While you bolt, at one gulp, your irrational camel.

Friend, strive not to carve out of inert malogany

A better device than Mosaic cosmogony,

An atheist's an atheist, and no hugger-mugger

Can cover your poisonous pill, sir, with sugar.

How long can you walk from the shore, till the wave

Swallows you down to a treacherous grave ?

While bawling 'Hail Progress' ! 'tis with your last
breath,

For, the goddess you praise is a progress to death,
And I firmly believe that your philosophaster
Who calls reason God, and owns to no master
Is as much of a fool as a grievous disaster."

Here Darr Wynn broke in
With a monstrous din:—

"Unknowable, cosmos, evolved protoplasm,—
Potential, differentiate, energy, germ;
Monads and atoms and night's dreadful chasm
Eozoon, protogene, ephemeral sperm—"

"O beautiful jargon, and worthy, indeed,"
Cried Muggs, "of your wonderful, atheist creed!
Science, 'tis true, of centipedal germs
Should bellow in sesquipedalian terms,
But Error, like hogs, and their kindred brutes,
Has ever been fond, sir, of grubbing for roots—"

But still the uproar
Went on as before:—

"Animalcula, mollusca, ourang, amphibian,
Environment, absorption, germs, ascidian,
Hylobate, trilobite, platyrhina—
Catarrhine, anthropoid, pentadactyla!"

"Aye, drive away Darr Wynn, rub-a-dub-dub!
Let Folly kill flies with great Hercules' club;
My system is light! so you boast,—thou gull!
A light without life's like a lamp in a skull!
Your system has one unimportant defect—
Real facts and your theories fail to connect,
No matter how many high-sounding terms note it,
Like Robinson Crusoe's fine boat, you can't float it."

"That's enough!—that's enough!"

Roared Darr Wynn in a huff,

"Your prosing's not worth a pinch of snuff."

"But, sirrah, how can"—

Said monkey, "your plan

Make man come from us, when *we* come from man?"

"I tell you," quoth Darr Wynn, "that man is descended
From monkies that lived in the azure of morn.
Here stern facts and poesy both, sir, are blended."

"But how," interrupted bold Muggs, "was mind born?"—
Here bothered Darr Wynn, with a yell, oped
His mouth and replied, "You are stupid, good man!
The mind was from ether developed,
When Tempus gave birth to the more perfect plan!"

"That man is more perfect than we, I deny,"
Quoth the simian chief with disdain in his eye.

"Come, sir, can he climb up a tree with an ape?
Can he live on a berry, a nut or a grape?
Can he live without money or slavish hard work?
Can he go without clothes though he were the Grand
Turk?

Can he live without doctors, or lawyers, or priest?

Can he truly rejoice at a Barmecide feast?

Is he not a dependant on every one

From childhood's frail hour till his life-work is done?

Sir, saving your presence; you may fume, you may rail,
Man is imperfect. Why? He hasn't a tail!

At the wrong end, good Darr Wynn, your system began;
Teach in future—the monkey's descended from man!"—
The words were scarce spoken when Darr Wynn turned
'round,—

Flapped his pinions and strove to rise from the shore,

But his spiritless hoofs still stuck to the ground,

So, he vented his spleen in an asinine roar,

Then made for the woods and was seen no more.—

And here,—as travellers' story always ends,—

A ship appeared and took Muggs to his friends.

New Year's Calls.

"Rolling home from New Year's calls,
The road is hardest to him who falls."—*Old Song.*

New Year's calls are very pleasant things, provided you know how to call, where to call, when to call, what to say, what to do, and when to leave after you have called. Everyone afflicted with this annual freak of insanity, and not having mastered the above requisites from the manual—may expect to meet with more or less difficulty, in proportion to the degree of intensity of the *mania*.

Perhaps the reader expects us to give an epitome, at least, of the "rules" whereby New Year's calls may become a success; but this is precisely what we do not intend to do. The proper time for such calls has happily passed for this one year, and such *post mortem* affairs we do not relish, preferring rather to recount a few of our observations and reflections on the auspicious occasion just past. The practice of making congratulatory New Year's calls is sufficiently old to insure it a fair share of respect, but it is so fickle and wavering in its *régime* that one cannot feel quite certain that it is not a mockery, and a fit subject for ridicule. This doubt is greatly in its favor, and gives opportunity to its devotees for the display of the most fantastic offences against propriety.

Some harmless youths exhaust their ingenuity and also that of the printer in the decoration of a handsome card, and finally leave the office, highly elated with an incongruous mixture of the beautiful and the absurd.

Such grotesque figures, flags in crimson and gold, monograms in many-colored inks, and printed names that look like sections from a Chinese puzzle, surely, after all these, we are forced to say, that the neatest cards we saw this year were also the plainest. In one part of the city we saw an elegant sight—four mules, driven tandem, attached to an ill-looking coal-wagon, and the whole procession literally covered with bells of many shapes and sizes. The wagon had a high seat for the driver and four armchairs for as many young men, each youth dressed in his finest costume, and each engaged in supporting an enormous "carpet-bag" which purported to contain his New Year's cards. An *avant courier*, dressed in a most fantastic livery, supposed to represent both the Old Year and the New, preceded the train, opened the gates, rang the door-bell, and awaited his master's return, when he was ready to proceed as before. And thus the procession made the circuit of the city. After witnessing such a scene, one is more easily reconciled to the justice of the cynical statement, that "The world is divided into two classes,—madmen and fools." In another quarter of the city we saw a cornet band discoursing some *rare* music, and making New Year's calls—in the saloons; and they were not crusaders either. We saw a few of the same party later in the evening; they were in the company of two tall policemen, making their last call for that day. The following morning they were called to pay ten dollars each for being intoxicated.

As a rule, the ladies displayed excellent taste in the decoration of their parlors, and the refectations were *d'accord*—munificent and elegant. The *cuisine* did homage to the palate. Had the wine-cup been removed from every table—as, indeed, it was from nearly all—we should not have had the ghost of a shadow at which to grumble. There was a time when the prominent feature of every table on New Year's morning was the array of costly and tempting

—"She has a magnificent voice for a fog-whistle," is the ungallant criticism of a new candidate for vocal honors.

wines, flanked by the rarest and strongest liquors; but happily that dangerous and worse than senseless practice is fast disappearing, and we shall welcome the day when it will be spoken of only as a relic of the past.

As it was, we saw many a young man begin the New Year by becoming beastly drunk; we passed them on the sidewalk at almost every corner, and while we wondered at the madness and blindness of their folly, the fear crossed our mind that perhaps a single glass of wine, presented by the hand of some fair maiden, was the origin of more than one such scene of disgrace. One, an elegant looking young man, staggering past us on the sidewalk, stopped, and asked us to direct him to the Sherman House. We politely assured him that it was at least two hundred distant, in a westerly direction. An hour later, we noticed that the depot had received so many New Year's calls that even the doors were tight. D.

Irish Music.

It is said that one of the great masters on hearing for the first time a simple Irish melody, exclaimed: "That is the music of a nation which has lost its liberty!" And such truly is the music of the people of the Green Isle. Through the melodious cadences of the national music of Ireland there runs continued strains of sadness and joy, of sorrow and levity. But the joy is that which comes at times to the man sick at heart, and the levity is the levity of one who would drown his sorrow but who cannot. In Irish music we also hear other strains, in which there is the tramp of armies moving to battle; but we hear no pœan of victory—we hear only the wail over the dead and the bitter laugh of him who has lost in the great conflict. And then in the simple strains of Irish melody we picture to ourselves the days when "Malachi wore the collar of gold;" the days when Brian led his men to victory against the invading Danes; the days when the voluntary exile of Erin went forth among the nations of Europe to teach and instruct them; the days when the Lia Fail rested on Irish soil and an Irish king ruled over Irishmen. But the same air recalls to mind the fact that the days of Malachi no longer gladden Ireland; they carry in them the lament for the chieftains slain—and they tell us that there are now involuntary exiles from the shores of Erin. We hear in the sad wailings of Carolan of the trials and sufferings and wrongs of a people forced to fly to the caves and the mountains to worship God as their consciences dictated to them.

Many archæologists would persuade us that the airs to which the inimitable Moore adapted his songs have been handed down to us from a great antiquity. Some, indeed, of the Irish melodies can be traced to the fifth century; but as a general thing most of the polite airs of that country came into existence in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. However, it is safe to say that the Ceanans, Cries, Wails, etc., which are not the *music* of the country, date their origin as early as the fifth century, if not to an earlier age. But a beautiful air does not need the clearness of antiquity to adorn it—it lives by its own merits. We leave these to the antiquarian, to search into the shadowy past and discover the traces of Irish song amid the ruins of ages.

Some archæologists claim that at an early period the Irish were acquainted with counterpoint and that they understood diésis, or inharmonic interval.

The ancient Greeks, from all that we can learn, undoubtedly understood diésis and formed their ear to this delicate gradation of sound. But it is wholly without proof that any of the ancients, whether Greeks or Romans, Britons or Celts, had any knowledge of harmony, and that the praise of transmitting song through the "variegated prism of harmony" is due to later times.

It was not until the invention of Guido became thoroughly understood that Irish music took the sweet and agreeable tone by which it is so marked. Until the invention of the gamut by Guido was made, this music was subjected to a mutilated scale; but after Guido flourished, the harps of Ireland were enlarged so as to increase their capacity for putting forth sweet sounds; more strings were added and the melodies were improved. The bards of Scotland stood by their old mutilated scale and would not adopt the gamut of Guido, so that the music of Ireland became subject to the laws of harmony while that of Scotland remain in its original wildness. Many of the beautiful airs claimed by the people of Scotland do not belong to them by right but are the productions of Ireland. Any one who at all understands the characteristic differences between Irish and Scotch music can perceive this at once.

But although the style of Irish music has been improved and sweetened by modern science, yet it has by no means lost its native simplicity and originality. Carolan and other great masters of Irish music had abundant opportunities of hearing the works of Germiniani and others of the Italian schools, and they profited by it; yet neither he nor his followers ever abandoned their original simplicity, nor did they seek to adorn their music with the flowery embellishments of the Italians. In his *Concerto*, that strange and curious composition, Carolan sought to imitate Corelli. In no other piece of his do we recognize any attempts at imitation, and it is generally conceived that the *Concerto* was a failure.

It is somewhat curious that in the music of most nations the composers have sought to mimic natural noises. In Irish music, however, excepting in the low songs of the street singer, none of these mimicries can be found. Indeed foreign styles have in nowise injured Irish music. Its chief corruptions are to be found mainly in the want of skill in some of Ireland's own musicians, who frequently loaded down the sweet melodies of their country with their own fantasies.

In conclusion it may safely be stated that through all the airs of Erin, though sometimes the original strain can no longer be traced, there runs that rich vein of Irish spirit and nationality which has charmed and will charm all the nations of the earth. MAC.

Max of Cologne.

[The writer of this sketch read, when quite a small boy, a tale in an old paper, of which the following is his recollection.]

There lived in the city of Cologne, many years ago, a poor widow woman, who dwelt with her only son, Max. A sad time had this poor woman. Little Max was a cripple from birth, and now in his tenth year he was unable in any manner to assist his mother. The poor widow loved her son dearly, and strove by hard work to make him comfortable. All of her earnings over and above the amount to be used for the necessities of life she spent in purchasing some little delicacy for her son.

As she gazed at him lying in his little bed, she felt ever so proud of him, and she would think what a great man he would become were he only able-bodied like some of the *gamins* running about in the street below.

It was the yearly custom of this poor widow to purchase on Christmas Eve some little present for Max, which he would find near his little bed—a present from “Kriss Kingle,” she would tell him. Every year the present came; and little Max, firmly believing it to be from the great “Kriss Kingle,” expected, with the return of the happy day, a wooden horse or something in the military way—a soldier, a wooden gun, or a little horn.

But work was scarce just before one Christmas, and the poor widow had no money with which to buy the yearly gift for her boy. When the happy day was ushered in with the merry cries and greetings of the people, little Max awoke and looked anxiously about his bed to find his present. But he could see nothing, and his little heart could not bear the thought that “Kriss Kingle” should so neglect him like the bad boys to whom he never gives anything. When the widow entered the room she found poor little Max weeping bitterly. “Ah! my son,” said she, “do not weep. ‘Kriss Kingle’ don’t believe you to be a bad boy. He will be here, because he knows that you are a good boy. Maybe he had not presents enough for all the good little boys this year. He will bring you something this day week, on the first of the new year. Dry your tears and wait until New Year’s day, and then you shall have your present.”

For the poor widow hoped to get enough money during the week to buy him some little present. Then she told her boy about the birth of his Infant Saviour, hundreds of years ago, on that very day. *He* also was poor, and did not complain—how the Magi made *Him* presents of gold, frankincense and myrrh, but how *He* preferred the offering of a pure simple, childlike heart to all other offerings of earthly things. “Let us then, if ‘Kriss Kingle’ does forget us, not forget our present to the little Infant Jesus,” said the widow. And then little Max as he lay on the bed, for he could not rise, gave himself to Jesus, body and soul, heart and mind.

The week from Christmas to New Year’s day passed quickly by, but the poor widow was no better off than on Christmas-day. Scarce could she get enough to eat, and oh! how she dreaded the coming of New Year’s day without some present for the loved boy. “I will deprive myself of one meal and buy him that pretty little rose-bud, with my two kreutzers,” said the widow. “Yes, that pretty little artificial rose-bud that I saw in the window of the shop I passed this morning. It will be appropriate too for him, for is he not a dear little bud in the garden of the Lord?”

On New Year’s Eve the poor woman sang her boy to sleep with the songs she had learned from her mother. The boy had been sick with fever the whole day long, but was not, his mother thought, in any danger of death. When she had sung him to sleep, she kissed his feverish brow; and then placing the little rose-bud in its vase near his bed, she retired, thinking how delighted he would be in the morning with his little gift.

The morning came. The widow heard no stir in her son’s bed. “Poor boy,” thought she, “he needs rest with his fever.” Soon the broad day looked through the windows, and the widow entered softly into Max’s room. She ut-

tered a cry of terror, for the rose-bud had burst, and behold there was a full-blown rose! She went to the bed of her boy, and found him dead. The rose-bud in the garden of the Lord had blossomed in Paradise.

A Geographical Dinner Party.

[The following geographical enigma from *Hearth and Home* was published in the SCHOLASTIC of last year; but the Editor yields to the solicitation of interested friends to have it appear again, in order to give our young geographers another opportunity of unravelling the puzzle. We will give them a week to make out their answers, which they should send to us for publication.]

A royal dinner party was given by an island north of North America, an island west of British Columbia, and their sons; an island east of New Brunswick, a cape of Alaska, and a land north of British America.

Everything was in perfect order; a group of islands west of Africa made sweet music for this select group of islands in the Pacific Ocean, and the aroma of the islands south of Asia, mingling with the fragrance of a city in China, stole upon the senses so deliciously that they were a country in Europe, and they soon practically demonstrated that their appetites were a city in Vermont.

The table was elegantly set with a country in Asia and a city in Montana, and bountifully supplied with good things, such as a country in Europe, a cape in New England, an island in the Mediterranean Sea, a harbor in New Jersey, a group of islands in the Pacific, a river in Vermont, and other vegetables, seasoned, of course, with a lake in the United States and a city in South America.

They were attended by a river in South America whose name was a mountain in Massachusetts, and an aged matron who wore a peak of the Rocky Mountains on her head because she was a mountain in Maine.

A lively discussion soon ensued between a cape in Virginia and a lake in Australia concerning the relative merits of the capitol of the United States and the capitol of Nebraska. Others soon joined in the contest—a Barbary state and city in Maine on one side, while a lake in New York and a Southern State sustained the opposite. Meanwhile a city in Italy was carrying on a great flirtation with a river in British America, and so engrossed was she that she did not observe a river in New Brunswick passing her a dish containing an island in the Mediterranean Sea and a river in Africa. In his attempt to gain her attention he spilled a country in Europe on her dress. She exclaimed a river in England, you are a lake in British America! to which he replied, a cape in Central America, you are a river in Australia. The gentleman said he was not an island in the Irish Sea, or he would not be such a lake in America to any one; but the ladies were pleased with his cape in Washington, they voted him a city in France, and he soon became quite a noted city in Europe. However, the city in New Hampshire was broken up, and the ladies, to cover their cape west of North America, declared they were a country in South America, and immediately withdrew to the parlor; and as soon as the gentlemen finished their city in Cuba, and island west of Africa, the party broke up, and bade the royal family a cape south of Greenland.

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—It is a great fact that no line of kings or rulers in this world have been so noted for their piety and learning as the Popes of Rome. We know of no nation whose rulers have ever been famous for their wisdom. There are many which have had geniuses guiding the destinies of the state but for every genius who has adorned the throne there have been eight or ten who have had little or no ability. But few nations have had saints for rulers; and for every saint they have had many and many a sinner—and great sinners at that. But such has not been the case with Rome. She has had for her rulers a succession of men who were at once models of piety, morality and learning. It is impossible for us to mention one Pope who was not highly educated, while all of them favored learning much more than did any earthly ruler. As to their morality, there is no succession of Bishops in any See containing so many canonized saints. The number of Popes against whom aught can be said may be counted very quickly; and in the great number of Sovereign Pontiffs it is more a matter of wonder that there were not more whose lives were bad than that there should be any at all. Out of more than 250 Popes, not more than three or four can be called bad. What other succession of kings, or princes, or bishops—of rulers either temporal or spiritual—can show such a record? Not one. Bad kings have disgraced the thrones of all nations; ignorant kings have been rulers in every clime. Bad Bishops are to be found in the succession to schismatic sees in England, in Prussia, and in nearly every country. But in Rome there never was an ignorant Pope, and not more than two bad ones,—and this in a regular succession running back eighteen hundred years. Truly, it is an evidence of the truth of our religion that God has always given to its rulers at once enlightened and pious.

—There is considerable excitement in certain quarters, occasioned by the publication of a book entitled "Maria Monk's Daughter," written by a Mrs. Eckel. What the merits of the book really are we cannot say, as we have not seen the book; but it has been both highly praised, and severely censured by Catholic critics. Among the many persons who have praised the book are Dr. Brownson and Father Hewitt, who claim that the book will be of much service to religion; but on the contrary, Mr. McMaster has found grave fault with it, and alleges that it will do religion more harm than what was done by the book of the infamous Maria Monk herself. Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren also criticises the book very sharply. The editors of the AVE MARIA received a criticism from Mrs. Dahlgren, which was originally printed in the *Capital*. They had not seen the book, and so stated in the introduction written by them to Mrs. Dahlgren's article. It seems that by printing the article they have wakened a very hornet's nest. Every day let-

ters come to them from persons in all parts of the country, some filled with praise of the book, others condemning it. Were the Editors to print all the letters which they receive (and they were sent for publication) the paper would each week be filled with nothing but notices of Mrs. Eckel's book. Of course such a thing with them is altogether out of the question. The writer of the book says that a copy of it was sent to the Editors of the AVE MARIA; if such was the case, the Editors never received it. Perhaps the reason of their not getting the book was the carelessness of the persons sending the book, in addressing it. In the mean time, the Editors will have nothing to say on the matter, not wishing either to praise or condemn on the words of others.

However, if persons send books for notice to Notre Dame they should be careful to send them to the proper persons; to the Editor of the AVE MARIA, if they wish the notice in that paper, and to the Editor of the SCHOLASTIC if they wish us to notice it. But neither one paper nor the other will notice books sent to other parties than themselves.

—We fear that many students in the United States do not look upon the punishment of expulsion in the light in which they should. They seem to make little of this punishment, which should be dreaded the most. Perhaps this is due to two causes. The first is, that although they may be sent away in disgrace from one college, yet this fact will never be known at other colleges, to which they can easily obtain entrance. The second is that although their expulsion may be known to their parents and to the students of the college from which they are expelled, yet as this is a large country, and they come from a distance, a knowledge of their expulsion never reaches the ears of any of their friends outside the family circle.

This is not the case in European countries. In Europe if a student is expelled from college for bad conduct, it is known throughout his own country, and a stigma is attached to his name. He is not, as a rule, able to enter another college, or if he is entered it is only on trial and with a full knowledge of all his antecedents. Now, we do not wish to do any one any harm, but we would like to see the punishment of expulsion, a punishment used only in extreme cases, made to mean something, and not continue to be a punishment at which any student, however wild or dissipated, may afford to incur with a laugh. Many plans have been devised, such as publication in the college paper, etc., but these plans, with the exception of one, do not agree with our ideas. The plan which pleases us most is as follows: That the Presidents of the different Catholic colleges agree to receive no student who has once attended another college unless he be able to show a certificate of good character, given him by the faculty of the college which he attended, and which he quitted to enter another. It has also been proposed that when a student has once been expelled from a college, the President of that college send a notice of such expulsion to the heads of all colleges in the United States, that they may have a knowledge of the fact, so that if he is received by the college it is at its own risk.

It is supposed that by acting in this manner the punishment will not be regarded in such a light manner by the persons on whom it is visited, that all will be made to feel the terrors of the punishment, and thus make it used less frequently; for if a student finds that there is a

real shame in the punishment, he will be more careful not to incur it.

Should the Presidents of Catholic Colleges enter into such an agreement as we have set forth above, they will then be able to suspend refractory students for a few months or a year, a punishment of which they cannot now make use; because if suspended from one college, the students may be entered without trouble at another. We hope then that soon such arrangements will be made, believing that it will be for the protection and good of all Catholic Colleges, and for the good of their students.

—When Our Lord was about to leave this world He left the command to His Apostles "to preach the Gospel to every creature," and men should regard the success of the preachers of the word of God among the people of the earth as an evidence that the commission was entrusted to them by God and was not taken up by them without their being called. We do not mean that the success of the preacher in those countries where the light of the Gospel has already penetrated, is an evidence of their being called by God to preach His doctrine; for in those countries there are many causes for their success other than the aid of God. We mean that the success in preaching the evangelical doctrines in those lands which hitherto have been ignorant of the teachings of Christ, should be evidence of a call from God, should be evidence of the truth of the doctrines which they preach. Christ has said, "by their fruit ye shall know them," and by the fruit of the labors of the missionaries in the lands of the heathen should we judge of them.

So it was in the commencement of Christianity. The Apostles and disciples of Our Lord separated and preached the Gospel in all the parts of the then known world. That they had many obstacles in their way is apparent when we once consider the state of all the nations of the earth. They had the opposition of rulers and the envy of philosophers to overcome; they had to triumph over the cupidity of idolatrous priests and the prejudices of the rabble. There awaited them the stake, the rack, and the wild beasts. The whole world opposed them, and yet they succeeded in establishing their doctrines. How well and quickly they succeeded we know when we read those words of Tertullian written in the second century: "We are but of yesterday, and we have overspread your empire, your cities, your islands, your forts, your towns, and your assemblies—your very armies, wards, companies, tribes, palaces, Senate, and Forum swarm with Christians. We have left you nothing but your temples."

And then in after times, in those long years which men call the "Dark Ages," Missionaries filled with zeal penetrated the recesses of the forests and the burning wastes of the desert, and nation after nation left off the worship of false gods and idols, and bowed their heads to the sweet yoke of Christ. Scarcely a century has passed since the day on which the command was given by Christ to His Apostles but which has witnessed the conversion of some nation or tribe of men to the Catholic faith. And they were truly and really converted. In a few years after they received the light of the Gospel, the Church was so securely founded that Missionary aid from foreign countries was wholly unnecessary; the Church of the country could depend wholly upon the people of the country for Ministers necessary to rule the affairs of the Church. It remained in communion with the Church of Rome, and sub-

mitted to the authority of the Infallible Pontiff who ruled the See of Peter, but it had its own native hierarchy of Bishops, and the priests who dispensed the Bread of Life were born on her own soil.

And now in our own day the same activity and energy urges on the Catholic Missionary. He is in our day animated by the same apostolical zeal for the conversion of souls which animated the Apostles commissioned by Christ. He has the same difficulties and dangers to encounter which they encountered; the blood is as willingly shed now as it was in the days of Diocletian; and the soil of Corea is now sanctified as was the soil of many countries when the Cæsars in all their pride sought to crush out Christianity in its birth. And the preaching of the Catholic Missionary bears its fruit as did the preaching of the glorious Apostles of Christ who preached in the broad domains of the Roman Emperor. Surely when we behold the great success of those poor Missionaries sent out in our day by Rome, we must confess that God is with them, that they were truly sent, and that the doctrines which they teach must be the doctrine taught by Christ on the hill-sides of Judea.

Our non-Catholic brethren have also sent out missionaries, but their success has not been great like that of the Catholic. They have had an abundance of means at their command: money has poured into their coffers from every hamlet of England and the United States. But they have not as yet converted a single nation. They have not as yet so much as converted one-third of a nation, nor one-sixth, nor one-fiftieth. After spending millions of dollars and sending treble the number of missionaries sent out by the Church in the last hundred years, they have accomplished nothing. Their failure has been confessed by the very missionaries themselves. What was the cause of this failure? Is it not because they went forth to teach others without being called by God?

Personal.

- All are well in Watertown.
- F. B. Roberts, of '70, is in Pekin, Ill.
- W. J. Fletcher, of '73, is in St. Louis, Mo.
- John M. Moriarty of '71, is in Chicago, Ill.
- J. Devine, of '72, is in San Antonio, Texas.
- Jas. McBride, of '68, is in Woodville, Ohio.
- J. F. Bosier, of '63, is in St. Genevieve, Mo.
- Prof. Ivers is still busy here at Notre Dame.
- Duke Weldon, of '71, is in Covington, Indiana.
- Thos. O'Leary has our thanks for many favors.
- Father Frère has been unwell for the last week.
- J. McGlynn, of '73, is teaching in Watertown, Wis.
- Edward J. S. Haydel, of '63, is still in St. Louis, Mo.
- Rev. T. H. Corry, of '59, is in Brookfield, Wisconsin.
- Elias Thomas, of '73, is studying law in Valparaiso, Ind.
- P. Sullivan, of '74, meets with great success as a teacher.
- W. C. Stillwagen, of '72, is practising law in Claysville, Pa.
- C. H. Donnelly, of '72, is practising law in Woodstock Ill.
- David Harding, of —, is in business, in Columbus, Ohio.
- F. P. Leffingwell, of '73, is practising law in Lyons, Iowa.
- Scott Ashton, of '71, is practising law in Leavenworth, Kansas.

—Daniel Vaughan, of '63, is doing business in New Orleans.

—J. McGahan, of '71, is a landscape artist in Allegheny City, Pa.

—Thos. M. Johnson, of '71, is practising law in Osceola, Missouri.

—Rev. Thos. Carroll, of '55, is now stationed in Oil City, Pa.

—Rev. E. Mears, of '62, is pastor of the church in Bellevue, Ohio.

—Bro. Leo, Secretary to Very Rev. Provincial, is kept very busy.

—Reub. Hutchings, of '73, is in Williamsburgh, near New York city.

—Prof. Mayr is now in Savannah, Georgia, where he is doing well.

—Rev. Henry Reimbold, of '61, is now stationed in Nauvoo, Ill.

—Jos. Zimmer, of '72, is in a large hardware house in Columbus, Ohio.

—S. E. Dum, of '71, is doing business with his father in Amanda, Ohio.

—Rufus H. McCarty, of '71, is practising medicine in Mottville, Michigan.

—Rev. Father Brown, of '62, is one of the contributors to the *Catholic Columbian*.

—R. H. Clarke, of '61, was here on the 7th. He is now residing at Wickliffe, Iowa.

—T. P. White, of '73, is not reading law, but is studying medicine, in Louisville, Ky.

—Bro. Boniface came up from Cincinnati, on a visit, lately. He is looking quite well.

—E. S. Pillars, of '68, a son of Judge Pillars, took to himself, lately, a wife. He now resides in Tiffin, Ohio.

—Quite a number of friends have called upon us at our "den," just over the stereotyping room. Glad to see them.

—Notre Dame graduates are becoming Editors, *vide* Ewing of the *Columbus Herald*, and Clarke of the *Catholic Columbian*.

—Felix Meyer, of '61, has taken a wife and settled in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he has a large practice. Felix, they say, is an A No. 1 physician.

—Joe Roberts, lately engaged on the *SCHOLASTIC*, is now employed in the office of the *Catholic Columbian*, Columbus, Ohio, where he is as reliable as ever.

—Frank Ingersoll, of '68, returned from Germany lately. Having studied a few years there, he now goes to Ann Arbor to study law. He paid us a visit last week.

—Orne Templeton, of '68, is in the real-estate business at Fowler, Ind. His brothers George, Wallace and Henry V., of the same year, are doing well in the same place.

—J. E. Hogan, of Joliet, deserves the chromo for subscribers. He handed us the names of five new subscribers (for which he has our thanks) on his return from home.

Obituary.

We regret to announce the death of Bro. Paul (Jno. O'Connell) who died quite suddenly last Thursday morning at 1 o'clock, aged 35 years. He had been slightly ailing the day before but no one thought that his illness was serious. It was a great shock to his Brothers in Religion when in the morning they learned that his illness had been fatal. Bro. Paul was a good, pious, hard-working Religious, and his death is a serious loss to the Congregation of the Holy Cross. He was buried on the feast of St. Paul the First Hermit, whose name he bore in Religion. May he rest in peace.

Local Items.

- Pills!
- Subscribe.
- Advertise.
- Walk carefully.
- How is your cold?
- "I'll bet you the pie!"
- The roads are rough and bad.
- Bulletins very soon, we're told.
- Ranks are becoming large again.
- When will we have *good* skating?
- And now we come to pipes again!
- When will there be another *soirée*?
- Bro. Thomas is running a good trade.
- "Now is the winter of our discontent."
- Ice-apples are all the go at St. Mary's.
- Only 162 days until we go home again!
- Prof. Stace is kept very busy surveying.
- Some students are tardy in getting back.
- The Reading Room will be opened soon.
- Our "den" is comfortable these cold days.
- We have three mails a day at Notre Dame.
- A German Society is to be organized here soon.
- "Sport" has entire charge of the Senior bell.
- 20° below zero last Saturday. Just think of it!
- The men are busy cutting ice on the lower lake.
- Subscribe to the Lemonnier Circulating Library.
- Steam-pipes will soon be put into the press-room.
- The lithograph of the College will soon be ready.
- The Music Hall has received a coat of whitewash.
- Wood and coal go quickly in cold weather like this.
- Cold weather makes the yards look kind of deserted.
- There are a good number of persons at the Novitiate.
- "Our box" in the hall is not patronized much lately.
- Very few cared for the morning rec. on Saturday last.
- No amusements of any kind in the high-toned play-hall.
- The regular number of cars run back of the College again.
- The Janitor has easy times just now, on account of the cold.
- The holidays interfered somewhat with our printers last week.
- The Classes of Physics and Chemistry have plenty of experiments.
- Everybody looks refreshed. All must have enjoyed the Holidays.
- Very few persons are to be seen on the walk in the Seniors' yard.
- Wanted a bass-drummer; none but first-class musicians need apply.
- The farmers here are having a rest. The cold weather gives it to them.
- Be virtuous, and subscribe for the *SCHOLASTIC*, and you will be happy.
- Bro. Philip gives lessons in German penmanship as well as in English.
- The apprentices took a jaunt to the St. Joe Farm on Saturday afternoon.
- When will we have a public debate? The winter is nigh over, young men.
- Quite a number of students will attach themselves to the Class of Elocution.
- The stoves in the hall where we have rec. have been going it these cold days.

—Every day large loads of wood pass our office. They are used by the College.

—Subscriptions to the Lemounier Memorial Chapel Fund are large in amount.

—When you go to town, patronize only those who patronize THE SCHOLASTIC.

—According to its present size, only *one* SCHOLASTIC can be sent for a one-cent stamp.

—Times are kept quite busy at the St. Joe farm. Bro. Evaristus is now engaged there.

—There is plenty of work in the printing-office. Everybody is kept as busy as a nailer.

—Another member has been added to the corps of teachers in the Minim Department.

—The people at the Novitiate make a short cut to the College, across the natural bridge.

—Everything is quiet at the Manual Labor School. Tom Gegan keeps things even there.

—The "AVE MARIA" will soon be issued in a new cover. The design is very pretty.

—The plumbers were busy last Tuesday, repairing the steam-pipes just back of the Infirmary.

—There have not been many visitors here of late. The weather is almost too cold for calling.

—To-morrow night, Prof. A. J. Stace will lecture in South Bend, at St. Patrick's Church.

—Great improvements, we understand, will be made on the north shore of the lower lake, next Spring.

—These cold winter days afford plenty of time to ambitious young men to write for THE SCHOLASTIC.

—Every day, almost, there is an addition made to the books in the Circulating Library. That's right!

—Two things are to be considered in every important undertaking—the right thing and the wrong thing.

—The young telegraphers have much sport sending dispatches from the College to the Infirmary building.

—Mice are troubling us in our "den." They will soon finish our carpet: then they will go for us, probably.

—Before purchasing your Clothing, try the Star Clothing House, 113 Michigan street, sign of the big star! dec5-1m.

—A number of persons went to South Bend to hear the Camilla Urso troupe. It is needless to say they were delighted.

—Every person passing through Niles speaks in high terms of the Bond House, and of McKay, its gentlemanly proprietor.

—"Dar's music in the hair!" said our friend John, when his music-teacher broke a violin over his head for playing a false note.

—G. Silberberg, of the Star Clothing House, is determined to close out his entire stock in the next 30 days. Give him a call. dec5-1m.

—The students lose no time in going from the play-halls to the study-rooms. This shows a studious spirit among them. Besides, it's cold.

—If you wish to pass a good examination, study hard and make up for all lost time. Those who study hardest pass the best. Study, then.

—If any more *dogs* come fooling around our den we'll ship them off to South Bend there to be made into sausages by some enterprising butcher.

—If you wish to buy Hats, Caps or Furnishing goods, go to the Star Clothing House, 113 Michigan street, G. Silberberg, Proprietor. dec5-1m.

—"What is the 'quiddity' of a thing?" asked a young philosopher the other day. "Behold!" said our friend John, taking his hand from his mouth.

—It is very improper for youthful freshmen to apply the thumb of their dexter hand to their organ of smell, while addressing a member of the Senior Class.

—He sat down quietly, then he gave a screech, and placing him-self in the middle of the floor he dared any member of the Society to fight him,—and just on account of a tack.

—The Star Clothing House, 113 Michigan street, is closing out the entire stock of Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods at slaughtering prices. dec5-1m.

—And now he says that examinations are humbugs, because you can't write the answers on the wrist bands of your shirt or on the palms of your hands, or get a peep into the book.

—We understand that an invitation was sent to us to attend a supper given by the young ladies of the Senior Department at St. Mary's. We are sorry we were not at home the day the invitation came.

—Our friend John—"Prof., will you please give me an example of irony?"

Prof. of Rhetoric—"You are a *pretty* fellow!" And now John, don't ask that Professor many questions.

—And the beautiful snow with noiseless steps stole down from the great vault of heaven, and whitened the locks of mother earth, but so stingily did she whiten, that we'll have to wait a little longer for our sleigh-ride. Oh dear!

—Two of Babcock's Fire-Extinguishers have been placed in the hall of the College, in close proximity to the Society rooms. Our friend John says that they will be used to put out any young debater who may be on fire with excitement.

—"And he jumped up and yelled, and then he lay down and hollered, and rolled over and kicked and called for a chunk of ice; and all because he sat down on the steam-pipes running through the College," is the way our friend John described it to us.

—"Now this is what I call philanthropy," said the elderly Mr. Simpkins the other day, as he gazed benignantly down on our friend John hard at work making a way for persons to walk over the ice. "Philanthropy, thunder!" answered John, "it's ashes!"

—"Watch out, sonny!" said our friend John to a youngster he saw devouring a tolerably large slice of bread; "watch out. Don't let that fall on your toes or it will mash them." "Bah! it wouldn't mash 'em any mor'n your head would if it fell on 'em!" was the sancy rejoinder.

—The Amateur Dramatic Corps of the Union Catholic Library Association of Chicago gave an Entertainment in that city on the 13th of January, in aid of the House of the Good Shepherd. Messrs. Jno. Howe and Phil Cochran, formerly students here, took the leading characters in both plays, and they took them in tip-top style. Of course we would expect nothing else to be the case with them.

—"Now," said our friend John, as he emerged from the College the other day with his hair stiff with mucilage, "it's a downright shame for a fellow to put mucilage in his hair-oil bottle. I'll never borrow from that fellow when he's not about any more: the pusillanimous wretch! It's downright cruelty!" "Yes," said a friend, "cruelty to animals—long-eared ones." And just that little remark made our friend John mad again.

—The Proprietor of "*The Housekeeper*" offers to send us a copy of his paper for one year, free of charge, if we will put his advertisement in our paper. Really this is kind of the Proprietor. Give him \$10 worth of advertisement for his paper! We will send him our paper "free of all charge" for one year if he will put in our advertisement. Now, we don't do such kind of advertising. I you want your paper advertised, or anything advertised you must pay in stamps.

—Our friend John had an attack of sickness last week. Some kind friend sent him three homœopathic pills, and three apples in size the equals of the pills, with the following directions: "Dissolve in a half a pint of water; add a half a pound of sugar and three grains of salt and an ounce of vinegar. Take 3 tablespoonfulls every five minutes. After each dose take a slice of apple, pick your teeth, and smoke a cigar." He says he would like to follow the latter part of the direction, but alas! there are none around.

—The Prefects and Students of the Junior Department return their thanks to Very Rev. Father General and to Rev. Father Colovin for the beautiful pictures donated by them to their Study-Hall.

—"Cæsar" is back again. Yah! yah! yah!

—Everybody is busy preparing for the Examination. And now for time misspent there will be the dickens to pay.

—Hand-ball is indulged in, once in a while, in the Recreation Halls, by the lovers of sport.

—A distressed Senior writes to us to know if some one can't invent or devise some amusement in which the students of this department may while away their hours of recreation. He says something or other in that way is sadly wanted in his play-hall. "How would," our friend John says, "wiggle-waggle do?"

—In the Senior Refectory the readers are engaged on Irving's Life of Washington.

—Bro. Ferdinand's ferret died last Tuesday night. The rats intend having a bonfire and a grand jollification next week. Many distinguished rats from abroad will address the meeting, and a general good time is guaranteed to all who may attend.

—They have fixed up the Western Study Hall in good style. Pictures, etc., are there in abundance.

—The steam-pipes in the Presbytery broke last Wednesday.

—A quotation often made in the original, but more frequently as translated, is the following verse:

Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdin.

The question is, who wrote it? a friend wishes to know, you know.

Literature.

—We have received the *Young Crusader* for January, 1875. Its contents are very readable. Mrs. Dorsey, the popular writer of Catholic tales and romances, begins in this number a very pretty serial story entitled "Two Ways," which will be greatly enjoyed by the young folk. Miss E. A. Starr contributes a charming sketch entitled "St. John the Almoner." Besides these, there are many charming tales and sketches that are just the things for boys and girls. The price of the *Young Crusader* is \$1.50 per annum. It is published by Rev. Wm. Byrne, 15 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. We wish the editor would give us a table of contents of each number. The readers would find it a great convenience.

—We have received from the publishers the first number of the *Catholic Columbian*, published at Columbus, Ohio. This first number presents a very creditable appearance, the mechanical part of the paper being first-class. The Editorials show great care in their preparation, and in ability they are equal to those of most papers. We notice a disposition in the conductors of the paper to be newsy. That is right. The generality of Catholic papers give us plenty of European News, news from other dioceses, etc., but they neglect their own diocese. This is not right. If we were conducting a Catholic news paper we would endeavor to have items from every parish in the diocese. It might not be interesting to those outside the diocese, but—but what are we giving advice for? the Editors of *Columbian* know how to "edit" a paper better than we do. Anyway, we are well pleased with the first number of the *Columbian*, and wish it all the success possible. We see among the names of the directors that of D. J. Clarke, of '70, and we understand that he is the Editor-in-chief. We congratulate him upon his promotion, and bid him "God-speed."

—The contents of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for January, 1875, are extremely readable. There is much learning and ability displayed in the *Messenger*, which is appreciated by the Catholics of the United States.

—We have received the January number of *Brownson's Quarterly Review*. The contents are: I, Professor Tyndall's Address; II, The Last of the Napoleons; III, Maria Monk's Daughter; IV, Mary Queen of Scots; V, Papal Infallibility and Civil Allegiance; VI, St. Gregory the Seventh; VII, Literary Notices and Criticisms.

It would be in us, as it is in many newspaper men, silly to attempt to criticize Brownson. We might find fault with him, and then have the laugh on us; or we might praise, and then have it told to us that Brownson does not need our praise. Knowing now what are the contents, purchase a number and judge for yourselves.

—We have seen the first number of the *Columbus Herald*, a weekly paper printed at Columbus, Ohio. Its editor is Tom Ewing, of '69. The "get up" of the paper is very good, being very neat and tasty. It is to be a political journal, in which the questions of the day are to be discussed in an independent manner. It will attach itself to no party, but treat all alike, praising what is good in all parties and reprobating what is bad. We wish the able editor every success in his journalistic enterprise.

Musical Notes.

—The Music Hall is being renovated.

—The Orchestra is practising a new overture by Suppé.

—Our friend John is indignant concerning a musical item in our last issue.

—Prof. Paul called upon Camilla Urso at the Dwight House. Twenty years ago the Prof. played piano accompaniments for the distinguished *artiste* while giving concerts in Canada.

—All who attended the concert of the Camilla Urso troupe were well pleased. The singing of Miss Doria and of Messrs. Fessenden and Rudolfsen was excellent, while the violin was fingered by Camilla Urso in a manner which showed the true *artiste* which she is.

—We understand that another musical club is to be formed. The object of the club is the cultivation of vocal music. A number of our best singers have attached themselves to the club, and we believe that they will add much to the pleasures of Exhibitions and *Soirées*. We have not learned what the name of the new club will be, none having yet been decided upon.

Scientific Notes.

—A few years ago, M. Mgr. Mouriez was commissioned by the French Government to make some researches with a view of obtaining a product which might take the place of ordinary butter, to be sold at a lower price, and capable of preservation without becoming rancid. After a series of observations he adopted the following process: The fat of a newly slaughtered beef, of the best quality, is ground up between two cylinders, after which it is thrown into a deep vat, heated by steam, and containing, for every 2209 lbs. of fat, 660 lbs. of water and 2,204 lbs. of potassic carbonate, besides two sheep's or pigs' stomachs in small pieces. The temperature of the whole is then raised to 45° cent. and carefully stirred. At the end of two hours the fat all rises to the surface, when it is transferred to another vat, heated on a water-bath to 30° or 40° cent. two per cent. of

sea-salt being added to facilitate the depuration. In the course of two hours it becomes clear, having a fine yellow color and the odor of freshly churned-butter. It is then carefully cooled, cut into cakes, packed in linen, and placed under a hydraulic press by means of which it is separated into two nearly equal parts,—viz.: stearine and liquid oleo-margarine; the stearine is used for making candles; the oleo-margarine, after cooling, is passed through cylinders, under a shower of water to wash it and give it consistence. It constitutes an excellent cooking-grease.

By operating in the following manner with oleo-margarine, M. Mouriez obtains his cheap butter. To 110 lbs. of melted oleo-margarine in a churn is added 26 quarts of cows' milk, and 55 lbs. of water containing the soluble part of 100 grains of the mammary gland of the cow. The churn is set in motion, and in fifteen minutes the grease and water is transformed into a thick cream, and this, in turn, is changed into butter. The churning being ended, water is poured in, whereupon butter separates, containing butter-milk, which must be removed. The product is then placed in a sort of kneading-machine, composed of two cylindrical crushers, and placed under a stream of water. There it is worked in a way to change it into well-washed butter of fine and homogeneous appearance."

It is now extensively manufactured in this country; and in Paris the demand for it is increasing. The Conseil d'Hygiène regards it indistinguishable from real butter.

—It has lately been proposed to unite England with France by a small isthmus. It will not, it is claimed, be as expensive as a tunnel or a bridge, while it will be safer and more satisfactory.

—The British Government is making preparations for another expedition to the north pole. The commander of the Austrian expedition seems to think it quite possible to reach the pole, and it is chiefly owing to his representations that the present fleet is being fitted out.

—Probably, the most elevated body of water in the United States, is in Plumas Co., California,—being, according to Dr. Harkness, 7,330 feet above the level of the sea.

—Herr Konkoly and his two assistants at the O Gyalla Observatory, during the last shower of August meteors, made spectroscopic observations of one hundred and thirty of these bodies, with the following results: In each case the nucleus gave a continuous spectrum; those which appeared yellow to the naked eye gave a spectrum in which the yellow line was prominent; the same with the green. No violet lines were found, and indigo rarely. The red lines were only obtained when the body was of a decided red color. In the luminous tails the yellow of sodium, the green of magnesium and the red of strontium or lithium were present. One of these meteors was of so great size and duration that it was observed for thirty seconds, and gave indications of sodium, magnesium, and iron.

Society Notes.

—The Thespians will have a big meeting soon.

—All the Societies will elect officers in a few weeks.

—The Columbians held a spirited meeting last Tuesday evening.

—The members of the Sodality of the Holy Angels held a very agreeable meeting on Wednesday last.

—We understand that a German Literary Society will be organized in a few days. We have not been informed of the name.

—The 15th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society was held on Sunday, June 10th, 1875. At this meeting, the following officers were elected. J. Delvecchio, Treasurer; J. Lumbin, Cor. Secetary; J. Nelson, Marshall. Messrs. J. Claffey and J. Garrity presented themselves for membership, and were elected by a large majority. Messrs. L. Pillod and W. Roelle delivered. After a few remarks from the President the meeting was adjourned.

—The 18th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, was held January 9th, 1875. Those who deserve mention for declamations were Messrs. Beegan, Soule, Solon and Downey.

—At the 19th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, held January 12th, Messrs Meyer, Minton, Foxen, Walters and Weisenburger, distinguished themselves in delivering excellent declamations.

Roll of Honor.

[By mistake Richard Norris' name was spelled *Morris* in our last list of Honors.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

V. Baca, F. Brady, J. Brown, L. Chamberlain, G. Crummey, M. Caldwell, J. Cullen, T. Carroll, M. Clarke, B. Euans, J. Ewing, M. Foley, J. Flaherty, C. Hess, J. Handley, J. Ingram, S. Kennedy, J. Kopf, J. Larkin, P. Lawrence, E. McPharlin, R. Maas, F. Montgomery, J. Mathews, J. McManus, Patrick Mattimore, Peter Mattimore, E. Maas, J. Martin, L. Moran, A. Mohan, A. O'Brien, T. O'Leary, J. Obert, C. Proctor, G. Roulhac, J. Retz, W. Ryan, E. Ratigan, J. Rudge, G. Rudge, P. Skabill, F. Schlink, P. Shaul, F. Scrafford, J. Thornton, J. Verment, F. Wilhelm, R. White, J. Whalen, L. Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. Beegan, F. Buckman, G. Budd, A. Burger, J. W. Connolly, A. Crunkilton, J. Crummey, E. Courtney, J. Colton, J. Delvecchio, R. Downey, L. Evers, F. E. Foxen, J. French, F. Frazee, W. Edwards, J. Egbert, J. T. Foley, J. Griffith, E. Gramling, C. Greenleaf, E. D. Gleeson, J. P. Kurtz, H. Korty, F. Kleiner, G. J. Lonsdorf, J. Lambin, J. McIntyre, H. McGuire, J. Minton, M. J. Murphy, C. R. Post, L. Smith, J. A. Smith, J. F. Soule, T. J. Solon, T. Summers, W. Smith, P. Schnurrer, T. Talbot, N. Vanamee, H. Weber, C. J. Whipple, J. E. Wood, E. Washburn, J. K. Jones, F. Rosa, W. Fawcett.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Michael McAuliffe, John Duffield, Tommie Hooley, Albert Bushey, Eddie Joice Dubois, Sylvester Bushey, Willie Lindsey, Harry Ordway, Lee J. Frazee, Francis Campau, Colly Campau.

Class Honors.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, JANUARY 14.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

SENIOR CLASS—T. H. Grier, T. J. Murphy, E. J. McLaughlin.

JUNIOR CLASS—E. Graves, F. Devoto, E. S. Monohan, J. Caren, J. J. Gillen.

SOPHOMORE CLASS—B. L. Euans, J. A. Brown, G. W. Crummey.

FRESHMAN CLASS—N. J. Mooney, J. G. Ewing, M. L. Keeler, M. Foley, J. F. Rudge, Jerome Matthews.

MINIM DEPARTMENT—Colly Clarke, Francis Carlin, Eddie Raymond, Ralph Golsen, Francis Campau, Samuel Goldsberry,

John Duffield, Oscar Bell, Lee J. Frazee, Albert Bushey, Joseph Carrer, Otto Lindberry, Eddie Joice Dubois, Louis Goldsmith, Clement Moody.

List of Excellence.

[The Students mentioned in this list are those who have been at the head of the Classes named during five consecutive weeks, and whose conduct has been at least satisfactory.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

FIRST JR. GRAMMAR—H. Korty.

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| Mrs. Garrity, Boston, Mass.,..... | 5 00 |
| Lawrence Hyne, Kilkenny, Ireland..... | 25 00 |
| Mrs. B. Noone, Watertown, Wis.,..... | 5 00 |
| Master J. F. Soule, Fort Madison, Iowa,..... | 2 00 |
| “ J. Kennedy, Youngstown, O.,..... | 2 00 |
| Mrs. C. O'Brien, Toledo, O., (correction),..... | 10 00 |
| Master Peter Mattimore, Toledo, O., (correction).. | 2 00 |
| “ Patrick Mattimore, “ “ “ .. | 2 00 |
| “ C. Hess, Wheeling, W. Va., “ .. | 2 00 |
| Dr. C. H. Middleton, South Bend, Ind.,..... | 5 00 |

Persons desiring to contribute to the above fund may address J. F. EDWARDS, Notre Dame, Ind.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

—Little is talked of now but the swiftly approaching Examination.

—On Sunday evening, Very Rev. Father General presented a large number of the young ladies, each, with a subscription to Vol. XI of the “AVE MARIA,” for which all were very thankful.

—The Literary Society of the Junior Department are at present engaged in reading some of the choice articles of the “AVE MARIA.” Their good sense in their selection of reading-matter is commendable.

—The week of the Holidays is acceded to be one of the happiest on record at St. Mary's. The unanimous efforts on the part of the young ladies—those in particular of the First Senior and Graduating Classes—to make everything agreeable, were entirely successful, and the ardor with which all return to their studies testifies to the wisdom of those who accepted their little vacation only as a means to gather strength for future earnest application to duty.

—On the evening of the Epiphany, the Northeast Recreation Hall was the scene of very amusing mock tragedies. For refined effect, and successful dry humor, Miss L. Ritchie's reading of “Widow Bedott” won the palm in the elocutionary line. In the operatic, the “Laughing Chorus” of the Misses M. Walker and H. Foote (Miss A. Curtin, at the harp) was pronounced the best, and called for an *encore*. The striking position of the harp, and the grace with which the strings were swept, made a profound impression. For pathos, Miss E. Haggerty's apostrophe to “The Bell in the Steeple” vied with the “Come, Birdie, Come,” of the Misses Arnold and D. Green. This last-mentioned vocal triumph succeeded the very astounding entrance march.

TABLET OF HONOR

For Politeness, Neatness, Order, Amiability, Correct Deportment and strict observance of academic rules, the following young ladies are enrolled:

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses M. Walker, A. Curtin, L. Ritchie, E. Haggerty, J. Locke, J. Kearney, R. Green.

1ST SR. CLASS—G. Walton, A. Clarke, H. Foote, J. Fanning, M. Riley, K. Joyce, L. Arnold, L. Bradford, E. Sweeney.

2ND SR. CLASS—A. O'Connor, M. Daley, A. Walsh, L. Ritchie, L. Wyman, G. McGuire, F. Dilger, F. DeLong, J. Bennett, M. Faxón, E. Dougherty, M. Julius.

3RD SR. CLASS—L. Kelly, S. Harris, C. Woodward, M. Walsh, M. Brady, P. Gaynor, E. Quinlan, A. Byrnes, W. Roberts, F. Taylor, B. Spencer, K. Spencer, N. Myhan, M. Bryson, B. Wilson, M. Carlin.

1ST PREP. CLASS—C. Morgan, M. Poquette, K. Greenleaf, E. Mann, E. Bowman, A. Sweeney, S. Moran, M. Ewing, M. Prichard, A. Pool, M. Schultheis, A. Cullen, M. Reynolds.

2ND PREP. CLASS—J. Riopelle, H. Parks, S. Edes, I. Edes, E. Edes, S. Cunningham, L. Meade, E. Cody, L. Moran, E. Botsford, J. Brown.

3RD PREP. CLASS—C. Maigrey, G. Hills, A. Lehman, M. Railton, M. Quinn.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses B. Wilson, A. Harris, M. Carlin, M. Ewing, M. Schultheis, A. Cullen, M. Reynolds, J. Brown, C. Yates, L. Kirchner, A. Goewey, F. Middleton, M. Hogan, H. Krans, L. Walsh, N. McGrath, A. Koch, E. Lappin, K. Hudson and M. Derby.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Ewing, N. Mann, I. Mann, A. McGrath, M. Hughes, C. Hughes, Y. Mier, L. and A. Schnurrer.

College Societies.

THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE B. V. M.

T. Murphy, *President*; Henry C. Cassidy, *Secretary*.

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T. A. Dailey, *Pres't*; J. J. Gillen, *Rec. Sec'y*; M. Foley, *Cor. Sec'y*.

THE SODALITY OF THE HOLY ANGELS.

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THE THESPIAN ASSOCIATION.

J. A. Lyons, *Pres't*; R. H. Staley, *Rec. Sec'y*; T. J. Murphy, *Cor. Sec'y*.

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THE NOTRE DAME BOATING CLUB.

T. F. O'Mahony, *Pres't*; J. J. Gillen, *Sec'y*.

THE ST. STANISLAUS PHILOPATRIAN ASSOCIATION.

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THE FATHER GILLESPIE CHORAL UNION.

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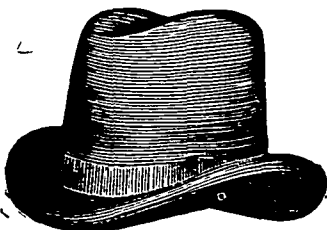
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THE SUN.

WEEKLY AND DAILY FOR 1875.

The approach of the Presidential election gives unusual importance to the events and developments of 1875. We shall endeavor to describe them fully, faithfully, and fearlessly.

THE WEEKLY SUN has now attained a circulation of over seventy thousand copies. Its readers are found in every State and Territory, and its quality is well known to the public. We shall not only endeavor to keep it fully up to the old standard, but to improve and add to its variety and power.

THE WEEKLY SUN will continue to be a thorough newspaper. All the news of the day will be found in it, condensed when unimportant, at full length when of moment, and always, we trust, treated in a clear, interesting and instructive manner.

It is our aim to make the WEEKLY SUN the best family newspaper in the world. It will be full of entertaining and appropriate reading of every sort, but will print nothing to offend the most scrupulous and delicate taste. It will always contain the most interesting stories and romances of the day, carefully selected and legibly printed.

The Agricultural Department is a prominent feature in the WEEKLY SUN, and its articles will always be found fresh and useful to the farmer.

The number of men independent in politics is increasing, and the WEEKLY SUN is their paper especially. It belongs to no party, and obeys no dictation, contending for principle, and for the election of the best men. It exposes the corruption that disgraces the country and threatens the overthrow of republican institutions. It has not fear of knaves, and seeks no favors from their supporters.

The markets of every kind and the fashions are regularly reported in its columns.

The price of the WEEKLY SUN is one dollar a year for a sheet of eight pages, and fifty-six columns. As this barely pays the expenses of the paper and printing, we are not able to make any discount or allow any premium to friends who may make special efforts to extend its circulation. Under the new law, which requires payment of postage in advance, one dollar a year, with twenty cents the cost of prepaid postage added, is the rate of subscription. It is not necessary to get up a club in order to have the WEEKLY SUN at this rate. Anyone who sends one dollar and twenty cents will get the paper, post-paid, for a year.

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On and after Sunday, May 24, 1874, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2.35 A. M. (No. 8), Night Express, over Main Line, Arrives at Toledo, 10.30; Cleveland, 2.35 P. M.; Buffalo, 8.55 P. M.
10.38 A. M. (No. 2), Mail, over Main Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5.35 P. M.; Cleveland, 10.20
12.27 A. M. (No. 4), Special New York Express, over Air Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5.50; Cleveland, 10.10 P. M.; Buffalo 4.05 A. M.
9.11 P. M. (No. 6), Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.40; Cleveland, 7.05; Buffalo, 1.10 P. M.
7.54 P. M. (No. 10) Toledo Express, Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.30 A. M., Cleveland 7.05 A. M., Buffalo 1.10 P. M.
3.55 P. M. [No. 70], Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

3.20 A. M. (No. 3), Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.15; Chicago 6.30 A. M.
4.50 A. M. (No. 5), Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.40 Chicago, 8.00 A. M.
5.55 P. M. (No. 7), Evening Express, Main Line. Arrives at Laporte, 6.55; Chicago, 9.10 P. M.
4.51 P. M. (No. 1), Special Chicago Express Arrives at Laporte 5.45; Chicago, 8.00.
8.00 A. M. (No. 9), Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 8.55 A. M., Chicago 11.10.
7.20 A. M. [No. 71] Local Freight.

NOTE. Conductors are positively forbidden to carry passengers upon Through Freight Trains.

J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.

F. E. MORSE, General Western Passenger Agent.

J. H. PARSONS, Sup't Western Division, Chicago.

W. W. GIDDINGS, Freight Agent.

S. J. POWELL, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't

LOUISVILLE N. ALBANY & CHICAGO R.R.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 12, 1873, trains pass New Albany and Salem Crossing, as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Pass.....7.29 P. M. Freight.....2.48 A. M. Freight.....8.57 P. M. Pass.....9.24 A. M.

GOING SOUTH.

Pass.....8.23 P. M. Freight.....10.47 A. M. Freight.....4.45 A. M. Pass.....11.23 A. M.

H. N. CANIFF, Agent

Michigan Central Railroad.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Taking effect December 27th, 1874.

Going East.

| Trains. | Leave Chicago. | Leave Niles. | Arrive at Detroit. |
|------------------|----------------|--------------|--------------------|
| Mail | 5 00 a m | 9 02 a m | 5 45 p m |
| Day Express | 8 30 a m | 11 47 a m | 6 30 p m |
| Accommodation | 3 35 p m | 7 35 p m | 8 45 a m |
| Atlantic Express | 5 15 p m | 8 55 p m | 3 50 a m |
| Night Express | 9 00 p m | 12 45 p m | 8 00 a m |

Going West.

| Trains. | Leave Detroit. | Leave Niles. | Arrive at Chicago. |
|-----------------|----------------|--------------|--------------------|
| Mail | 7 00 a m | 4 05 p m | 8 05 p m |
| Day Express | 10 20 a m | 5 20 p m | 9 00 p m |
| Accommodation | 1 50 p m | 6 30 a m | 10 35 a m |
| Evening Express | 5 40 p m | 2 30 a m | 6 30 a m |
| Pacific Express | 10 00 p m | 5 00 a m | 8 30 a m |

NILES AND SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

Leave South Bend—8 00 a m, 3 00 p m, 6 30 p m, *9 00 a m, *7 00 p m.
 Arrive at Niles—8 45 a m, 3 55 p m, 7 10 p m, *9 40 a m, *7 40 p m.
 Leave Niles—6 30 a m, 9 20 a m, 5 10 p m, *8 00 a m, *5 00 p m.
 Arrive at South Bend—7 15 a m, 10 03 a m, 5 55 p m, *8 40 a m, *5 40 p m

NOTRE DAME STATION.

Going East, via Niles.

Depart—8 07 a m, 6 28 p m, *9 07 a m, *7 07 p m.

Arrive—7 07 a m, 9 42 a m, 5 46 p m, *8 32 a m, *5 32 p m

Going West, via Niles.

Depart—3 10 p m. Arrive—9 42 a m.

Trains marked thus * + run Sunday only.

C. D. WHITCOMB, General Ticket Agent, Detroit, Mich.

FRANK E. SNOW, Gen. Western Passenger Agent, Detroit, Mich.

S. R. KING, Passenger and Freight Agent, South Bend, Ind.

B. CELESTINE, Ticket Agent, Notre Dame, Ind.

H. C. WENTWORTH,

General Passenger Agent,
Chicago.

W. B. STRONG,

General Superintendent,
Chicago.

CHICAGO ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE.

Trains leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

| | LEAVE. | ARRIVE. |
|--|------------|------------|
| St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line | *9:30 a.m. | *8:00 p.m. |
| Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo. | *9:45 a.m. | *4:30 p.m. |
| Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division) | *9:30 a.m. | *4:30 p.m. |
| Joliet Accommodation, | *4:10 p.m. | *9:40 a.m. |
| St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line, | *6:30 p.m. | *4:30 a.m. |
| St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division | *9:00 p.m. | *7:15 a.m. |
| Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo. | *9:45 p.m. | *7:15 a.m. |

* Except Sunday. † On Sunday runs to Springfield only ‡ Except Saturday. § Daily. ¶ Except Monday.
 The only road running 3 Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and a Saturday Night Train.
Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.
 JAMES CHARLTON, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, CHICAGO.
 J. C. McMULLIN, Gen'l Superintendent, CHICAGO.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL

DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York without Change.

1st train leaves Chicago 9 00 p. m. Arrives at New York 11.30 a.m.*
 2d train " " 5.15 p. m. " " 6.41 a.m.*
 3rd train " " 9.00 p. m. " " 11.30 p.m.*

Connections at Crestline with trains North and South, and Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.

J. M. C. CREIGHTON, Assistant Superintendent Pittsburgh.

D. M. BOYD, Jr., Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Phila.

F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't Pittsburgh.

W. C. CLELLAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

*Second day.